

# Monmouth Degraded

(194)

Or *James Scot*, the little King in

# L Y M E

## A SONG

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To the Tune of *Hark, hark, the Thundering annous roar, &c.*

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### I.

Come Beat Alarum, Sound a Charge,  
As well without as in the Verge,  
Let every Sword and Soul be large,  
To make our Monarch Shine Boyes :  
Let's leave off Whores and Drunken Souls,  
And windy words o're briming Bowls ;  
Let English Hearts exceed the Poles,  
'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme Boyes*.

### II.

Such a Fop-King was ne're before  
Is Landed on our *Western* shore,  
Which our black Saints do all adore,  
Inspir'd by Tub-Divine Boyes :  
Let us assume the Souls of *Mars*,  
And March in Order, Foot and Horse,  
Pull down the Standard at the Cross,  
Of *Perkin* King in *Lyme Boyes*.

### III.

Pretended Son unto a King,  
Subject of Delights in Sin,  
The most ungrateful Wretch of Men,  
Dishonour to the Shrine Boyes ;  
Of *Charles* and *James*, the undoubted Right  
Of *Englands* Crown and Honours Bright,  
While he can find us work, let's Fight,  
'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme Boyes*.

### IV.

The Sainted Sisters now looks Blew,  
Their Cants all False if God be True,  
Their Teaching Stallions dare not do,  
No more but Squeeze and Whine Boyes;

Exhorting all the Clowns to Fight  
Against their God, King, Church and Right,  
Takes Care, for all their Wives at Night,  
For *Perkin*, King in *Lyme Boyes*.

### V.

Poor *Perkin* now, he is no more,  
But *James Scot*, as he was before ;  
No Honour left but Soul to soar,  
Till quite expir'd with time Boyes  
But first he'l call his Parliament,  
By *Ferguson* and *Gray's* Consent,  
*Trenchard* and all the *Boars* in's Tent,  
Fit for the King in *Lyme Boyes*.

### VI.

(Sword  
'Gainst these mock Kings, each draw his  
In Blood we'll print them on Record,  
Traytors against their Sovereign Lord,  
Let's always Fight and joyn Boyes,  
Now they'r Block'd up by Sea and Land,  
By Treason they must fall or stand,  
We only wait the Kings Command,  
To Burn the Rogues in *Lyme Boyes*.

### VII.

But now we hear they'r fallied forth,  
Front and Flank 'em, *South* and *North*,  
Nobles of brave *Englands* Worth,  
Let your bright Honours shine Boys ;  
Let Guns and Cannons Roar and Ring,  
The Musique of a Warlike King,  
And all the Gods just Conquest bring,  
Against the Rogues in *Lyme Boyes*.

FINIS